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# STET

A UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA  
STUDENTS' UNION PUBLICATION

## EDITORIAL STAFF

### STET

Associate Editors: Helen Morrison, Cliff Bowden, Gordon Wynn  
Business Manager: R. S. Richardson

## A University of Alberta Students' Union Publication

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ARCHIVES

A UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA  
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Editor: H. V. Weekes

Associate Editors: Helen McGregor, Marjorie Lee, Cliff Bawden, Gordon Wyatt

Business Manager: R. B. Bannerman

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# Editorial . . .

Mr. Finney had a turnip,  
And it grew behind the barn,  
And it grew, and it grew,  
And the turnip did no harm.

Anon.

We know to tell many fictions like to truths, and we know, when we will, to speak what is true.

The Theogony of Hesiod.

**W**E have found that quotations serve two admirable purposes: they fill space we might otherwise waste with our words, and they illustrate a Point. From observing the second of these purposes we are convinced there is a point to editorials.

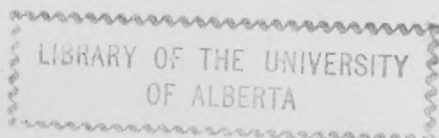
Having received from the hands of Mr. Elgin Brisbin, 1947 Editor, the infant STET, and having signed the adoption papers with fear and humility, we put our foot down with a firm hand, our ear to the ground, our nose to the grindstone, our shoulder to the wheel and our back to the wall and dared the fates to do their worst. We found ourselves even equipped with a purpose. It is in your judgment to decide whether we shall achieve that purpose.

STET is first and foremost, of course, a student publication, intended to please and entertain students, but it seems to us that to fulfill its obligations most satisfactorily, STET should grow to be something much more than just a student magazine. If, as we hope, STET represents some of the more serious interests of university life, we know the families and friends of Bill and Mary and Pete will want

to see it. "Joe sent me this magazine from University," Joe's mother will say proudly, and the folks who know Joe will crowd around. "Ruth wrote a poem and they printed it in STET," some father will tell the fellows he works with, and haul out a copy of the magazine to prove it. You see, if we can just manage it right, we'll start to mean something to all sorts of folks whose only connection with University is through a son or daughter, a cousin perhaps, or just the neighbour's boy. If that's all we can do, STET will have reason to be proud of itself.

We're not sure, however, that we will be content to stop there. We'd like to interest other folks in Alberta too, folks who pick up and read a magazine because they like it for itself alone. We'd like to hear someone say to a friend, "I ran into a magazine the other day that I think you'd like—STET they call it, put out by the students up at the University. It isn't fancy, of course, like some of the big magazines, but it's worth reading." If that happens we shall have accomplished two things; we'll have given you folks all over Alberta a little glimpse of what goes on behind the smoke-screen of hell-raising and college yells, and we'll have helped in a small way to give young writers a chance right here in their own home province. We may miss the mark by miles, but it's fun aiming.

This is the first of two issues that will appear this winter. The second will be published about the end of February. If our present plans materialize, STET will be a quarterly next year. We'd like to know what you think of the idea.





# "YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY"

ERNEST D. HODGSON

ONE of the remarkable things about human beings and their attempt to cope with this world is their tendency to organize around some focal point. This focus may be a political or a religious idea, a weapon, a product, or a particular class. From these foci develop large political, economic, religious and social structures. It is particularly interesting to notice the similarities of religious and political organizations.

A brief glance at Soviet Russia will perhaps make clearer this point of similarity. Here is a nation organized essentially, by its own admission, on a strictly economic principle. In place of God and the religion they declare to be "an opiate," there is now a flourishing state religion. Here we see all the Inspiration, The Revelation, The Sacred Books, The Saints, The Holy Prophets, The Infallibility, The Sacred Cows, of orthodox religions. There has been an improvement over the one God that it took men so long to evolve and upon which man has yet to work a good deal more evolution. An imposing array of super-natural gods now stands in His place—The State, The People, Discipline, Hate Those Who Oppose You, Expediency—the symbol gods of a word-hypnotized nation and its disciples.

Carry the "religious" argument further and ask, "What does it mean to us?" Part of the answer will be that rigidity and petrification lead to paradoxes and contradictions that no amount of metaphysical or Hegelian dialectic will ever solve. It needs little imagination to see the difficulties that much of orthodox religion gets itself into; it needs even less imagination to grasp the paradoxes that our local Joe-boys argue themselves into or that modern Russian Communism has worked itself into in reality.

Another part of the answer to the question asked is that we must not allow

Englishmen, Americans or Canadians to codify and petrify democracy. The process, unfortunately, is partly under way just to the south of us. Many a modern American writer reads into the words of the Founding Fathers his own particular conceptions of modern democracy, and then reverences them for their brilliance and insight. In point of fact, some of the Old Guard of the 1776 era, in the light of modern "die-hard" democracy, should have undergone a post-mortem Un-American Activities investigation. More recently it was shown in Look Magazine that the 1948 domestic policy platforms of both Democrats and Republicans bore a surprising resemblance to the 1928 platform of the American Socialist party. Quite apart from any personal opinions on Un-American Activities or Socialism, I think that in this particular time of world-wide struggle, these facts should not be forgotten. It is necessary for all of us to understand that democracy must be left free to be a living and growing organism. It must not be codified and used as a defence against itself because the challenge that democracy faces is not Communism half as much as it is democracy itself. The lessons of history point to the fact that a lasting and worth-while civilization has yet to be built on one weapon, one class, one tool, one product, or one rigid idea..

Let us be honest enough to admit that great gaps often exist between ideal and practice in a democracy. Our democratic heritage is as much one of unfulfilled ideas as of anything else. These gaps in fulfillment are not its disqualifications; they are its challenges. All democracy requires is what so few people have so far given: greater and more honest thought, a positive and constructive attitude toward our nation, and less reliance in our own particular god of The One Track Mind.

Nationally, closing the gap means, for

example, that provincial and federal cabinets realize that they have absolutely no "rights" at all; they have only obligations to the people of Canada as a whole and beyond them to the world. Also, if we had far more able men in Canadian public life today, we would not have with us such childish issues as those of a National Anthem, a National Flag or the necessity to run to Britain for Privy Council decisions. Further, let us abandon this sham that legislatures and parliaments exist solely to do the will of the people and realize that thus far they have been miserably futile as an educating agency for the nation. With the sham gone, there would undoubtedly be a greater and more varied loss of seats during elections, but at least the losers would have had the distinction of courage and honesty—the fundamental fighting weapons of a culture wishing to remain a culture.

When in our individual and national fashions we narrow the gap between what

we are and what we would like to be, then we will to that same extent narrow the gap between what we have and what we would like to have. This must be our inner bulwark; this is the strength that makes any military defence, North Atlantic, European or otherwise, more than a mere egg-shell.

If the self-styled defenders of democracy, the anti's, are not careful; if they continue to lose perspective by mistakenly identifying much of reform and redress with Communistic agitation; if they attempt to render into a formal, static religion what should be free and flowing; if they neglect too much their real interests of actively organized positive efforts; then they will force a simple choice between a very decayed and stagnant pool and a communistic whirlpool. The choice, unfortunately, may rest on the whirlpool, because even if the chips caught in it rarely get anywhere, there is at least the illusion of progress.

## HYSTERIA

Hell, why live!

None would have missed you had you not been born,

And few will, for a time after your death  
So short it matters not.

Eternity will go its way not caring

One way or the other.

No faith, no hope,

No goal, no peace.

Life? Just existence!

I wish I were a cow,

A placid, stinking, cud-chewing cow.

But what I am, I know not:

Fool that I am, I care.

Ye Gods, I'm tired!—

Out of asperins too.

Oh, Hell! I hate this lovely world

And all its futile time-servers, who, like me,,

Beat their stupid heads

Against stone walls.

Maybe it's truth I want,

But no man has found truth.

Why bother searching?

Dear God if you had to create me,

Why didn't you make me whole?

Some are.

Some know peace and quiet;

I see these things and want them

But when I stretch my hand

They go.

Everything goes;

Swiftly transient all things go,

The world is more desolate for their passing

Than had they never been.

Even God has cast me out.

He turned His face away.

Maybe there is no God: I think there is no God.

Wonder if I can sleep.

It must be good to sleep and sleep and sleep

And not wake up to be mocked by the earth,

Lovely and tranquil, 'neath the warm spring sun.

God, if I had to exist,

Why wasn't I created as a cow,

Or parsnip, or a cold, grey stone.

*Marjorie Lee.*





# Dinty..

by C. S. BAWDEN

**D**INTY was a dog. Don't ask me what kind of a dog; I don't know; nobody knew. Probably even Dinty was vague concerning his exact origin, but he was a dog, nevertheless,—all dog. He possessed more doggy attributes than any one dog I have ever known. He loved children, hated cats, hated mice, and loved gophers to the fullest extent of his doggy emotions. Unlike so many of his kind, Dinty was not limited to expressing his emotions with his tail. If he had been, he would have been sorely handicapped, for his tail was negligible. It had not been docked in the orthodox manner in puppyhood, but then very little concerning Dinty was orthodox. The hired man had been mowing the south slough while Dinty hunted for field-mice in the long slough-grass. The inevitable happened. The hired man saw Dinty almost too late; with a frantic heave, he managed to raise the cutter-bar above the dog's legs, but not high enough to clear the tail curled over his back. The flashing blade removed it completely.

Tail or no tail, however, Dinty was never at a loss to express himself. That dog could put more meaning into the twitch of an ear than most dogs can ever show, tail and all. Besides the usual doggy expressions of eyes, cold or friendly, of ears cocked or supine, and of various barks for various occasions, Dinty had two expressions that were entirely his own. When he was pleased or amused, he grinned,—yes, grinned. His upper lip would rest on the top of one of his long, front teeth, producing a lop-sided expression comical in the extreme and classifiable only as a grin. As a neighbour, Joe LeBlanche, put it, "By

dam', de way dat dog grin, he's make me grin, too."

When Dinty didn't understand something, he shrugged his shoulders. It is hard to imagine a dog shrugging his shoulders, but Dinty could and did, often. One incident stands out in my memory. He loved to chase birds, any birds, from sparrows to crows. A pair of barn-swallows decided to nest in the barn one year, and came in for their share of being chased and barked at by Dinty. Dad liked the swallows and was glad to see them making their home with us. Fearing they would move if the dog annoyed them, he spoke sharply to Dinty one day when that worthy was indulging in his favorite sport. Dinty stopped barking, shut his pirate-patch right eye, and squinted at Dad in amazement. Dad pointed to the chattering swallows and said, emphatically, "No." Dinty shrugged his shoulders and stalked out of the barn, even ignoring the cat. He never barked at the swallows after that. One afternoon, when the cat was stalking the swallows Dinty broke up the party with a couple of well-timed yaps, and, when the birds had flown to safety, he sat grinning at the would-be murderess.

It was strange how quickly Dinty learned some things, and how slowly he grasped others. One encounter with a porcupine was sufficient to teach him that such animals were to be left alone, but he rendered himself socially unacceptable on several occasions before he learned to ignore skunks. The last time was the worst. The skunk was in full flight and Dinty was rapidly overtaking it, when the pretty little animal stopped, up-ended, and erupt-

ed with accuracy, full in poor Dinty's face. The pup was physically sick on the spot. That finished him as far as skunks were concerned. During the following week, he tried every means he could think of to rid himself of the nauseating smell that clung to him. He rolled in the grass, he rolled in the garden, he even rolled in the manure-pile in the slough behind the barn, but all to no avail. In desperation, he jumped into the stock-tank, which later had to be emptied and refilled before the stock would drink from it. It was no use; he still reeked. As he moved from kennel to

Where skunks had been a youthful diversion, mice and gophers became a life-long habit. Day or night, winter or summer, if you mentioned mice, Dinty was immediately alert. Often he would be snoozing before the fire on a cold evening when Mother would mention having heard a mouse somewhere about the house. Dinty's ear would raise a fraction, and if you looked closely, you could see his pirate-eye was half open. Ear and eye would remain in that position as long as the topic was mice. As soon as the conversation drifted into other channels, the ear would droop, the eye would close, and Dinty would resume his nap. Sleep was out of the question for the rest of the household, however, if he ever heard a mouse in the pantry at night. He would walk stealthily to the pantry, poke his fox-like head through the curtains across the door, and listen. When the mouse scratched again, he would aim his small body in the direction of the noise. On the third scratching, he would charge. Wash-boilers, bread-boxes, saucepans, pot-lids, frying-pans, and Dinty amounted to bedlam, lasting until he found the mouse or gave up in disgust. Usually he gave up, but the number of mice that escaped him in the pantry were accounted for in good measure in harvest fields. When stooks were being erected or removed, Dinty was always underfoot, watching for the scurrying grey shadows that infested the fields. At a word of praise, he would grin lopsidedly and redouble his efforts. Because he was used to praise from his public, he was completely dumfounded one afternoon when he was soundly berated by Mother when he had just caught a mouse. Mother was stooking some sheaves that had been cut several days before, and which, in the intervening time, had been invaded by dozens of mice. Dinty was having a fine time; a shake and a flip was all he felt he could waste on each rodent. To one fat prize he gave an extra hard shake and an extra big flip, just as Mother stooped to pick up two more sheaves. The mouse landed squarely on the back of her neck. She nearly had hysterics. Lapsing into broad Scotch as she always did when emotionally aroused, she scolded poor Dinty unmercifully. His grin disappeared and he gaped at her in amazement until she had finished. He

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## Remember

Will you remember, after,  
Afterwards when this cold raw earth  
Is warm and green again;  
When youth and love and laughter  
Return,  
And on the breeze  
Float melodies  
Of a new spring?  
Will you remember after  
The yellow mud clinging  
And the rain,  
The bitter, biting torrent  
Like split steel stinging  
The yellow mud clinging?  
Will you remember, after, the hell  
Of fickle fairy flak  
Of bursting shell  
The pain  
Tearing, flaming  
Flaring, fainting?  
Will you remember after  
In the night  
When the long shadows are drawn  
And the sun is set,  
Then will you remember  
Or will you, instead  
Forget?

*Helen McGregor.*

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doorstep, to barn, to haystack, trying to get away from the inescapable odor of skunk, he had plenty of time to consider the matter, and, as the smell finally wore off, he emerged a reformed character.



waited a few minutes longer, as if trying to fathom the reason for such a scalding attack, then shrugged his shoulders and lay down under a stook.

To catch a gopher was one of Dinty's lifelong ambitions, but so far as I know he never attained his desire. There was one gopher in particular that he tried to outwit time after time, and each time was thwarted in his purpose. The little rodent had its hole just inside the fence which separated the pasture from the garden. The vegetables suffered from his daily forays, and Dinty took it upon himself to dispatch the squeaky, brown villain. The opening of the small hole in the ground, which served the gopher as a home, showed ample evidence of Dinty's attempts to catch the wily owner, for it was dug open to the full size of the dog's small body. One simmering afternoon in July, when the far end of the garden was blurred by the rising heat-waves, I was weeding the carrots and Dinty was after his favorite gopher. He had chased the tail-flicking little nuisance down its hole, and then lay down as flat as a shadow behind the opening. For fully half an hour he lay there, ignoring ants, beetles, grasshoppers, and the stifling heat, not moving a muscle even when the gopher's squeaks echoed hollowly from his subterranean hideaway. The only sounds were the click of my weeding-knife as it struck an occasional stone, and the quiet "rip-rip-munch of Shorty, the saddle-horse, cropping the pasture grass.

The gopher came up.

Dinty did not move for the gopher had to be well out of the hole before a precipi-

tate lunge would bear fruit. The gopher squeaked twice, with little convulsive heaves. Dinty didn't move. The gopher inched forward and squeaked again. Dinty tensed for the spring. His hour had come. Victory was almost his. Suddenly, a snort behind him broke the spell. The gopher disappeared with a barrage of squeaks. Shorty, standing right behind Dinty, had ruined the whole operation. The dog chased the pony for fully ten minutes, and then, having vented his anger, collapsed in the shade of the rhubarb and with a deprecating grin, went to sleep.

The last incident I remember concerning Dinty occurred shortly before I left home for the last time. The chickens had been damaging the lettuce and young cabbage in the garden. More than once Mother had told Dinty to "Sic 'em!" and he had done so with great vigour. All the chickens but one had been discouraged; one large Plymouth-Rock had still persisted in trespassing. Some days later, Ole (pronounced O-lay) Bruhaug was talking to Dad and me in the yard when suddenly he broke off and exclaimed, "Yumpin' Yudas, look at dat!" We turned and looked down the road to the garden. There came Dinty, proud as punch, with the Plymouth-Rock. He was using force where threats had failed. No, he was not carrying the chicken, but in typical, unorthodox Dinty-style, he had that hen by the neck and was making it walk! He marched it right through the yard to the hen-house, deposited it among the flock and, after a brief lap at the trough, lay down beside us, and grinned.

"Yumpin' Yudas," muttered Ole.



How little you know about the age you live in if you fancy that honey is sweeter than cash in hand.

—Ovid.





# WESTMINSTER ABBEY

## ... Church or Museum

By DAVID SMITH

They dreamt not of a perishable home  
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours  
 of fear  
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge  
 here  
 Or through the aisles of Westminster to  
 roam,  
 When bubbles burst, and folly's dancing  
 foam  
 Melts, if it cross the threshold.

*Wordsworth.*

"CATHEDRALS?" he said. "Well, if you must talk about them, let's hear about one in a city—the Abbey or St. Paul's—where there are people at least, people who are alive, eat fish and chips, and swear roundly when they miss their bus."

And so we turn to Westminster Abbey because people have heard of it. A footling sort of excuse, perhaps, for talking about a draughty medieval building in an equally draughty discussion, but Wordsworth liked the Abbey, and Wordsworth 'is an honorable man.'

Well, perhaps the Abbey was more tranquil in Wordsworth's day. For me, I could think of places through which it would give me greater pleasure to roam than the "aisles of Westminster" as I saw them on Saturday morning, July 29th, 1945. Crowds wandered aimlessly about the great church, gazing at its statues, edging along with groups being conducted, listening to the mechanical patter of the guide, criticizing, admiring, craning—crowds, a mass of people you might find at a museum, or at the Zoo, but hardly a group for whom

"folly's dancing foam" had melted on crossing the threshold.

The Abbey nave is certainly beautiful. Its great height, one hundred and one feet, makes it the loftiest in England, and height can enhance the beauty of a nave. The tracery in the ceiling, both of the nave itself and of its aisles, is very fine, though I found it less impressive than that in Winchester.

The Poets' Corner attracted me of course. It was stripped "for the duration" of a number of interesting busts and statues, among them those of Burns and Samuel Johnson. The Corner is in what I should call the eastern side of the south transept, though the Poets' Corner as first mentioned by Goldsmith was the southern end of the south transept. Rich as it is in literary and historic associations, there is little one might call beautiful in the Corner. Then too, many distinguished writers have no place there—Sir Philip Sidney, Marlowe, Suckling, Herrick, Marvell, Waller, Byron, Keats, Shelley and others. It is Addison, I think who complains in *The Spectator*: "In the poetical quarter I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets." It affords the visitor some satisfaction, and would probably afford the creator of Sir Roger still more, to note that Addison himself is not subjected to any such undignified anonymity, but is remembered with a fine statue in the main south transept.

On the east wall of the corner is what has been called 'one of the many infelicitous memorials' to William Shakespeare.



In examining this statue, which is full-length, though slightly less than life size, I think, I noticed an error. In the scroll which the poet holds are inscribed lines from *The Tempest*, as follows:

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
*And like the baseless fabric of a vision,*  
Leave not a rack behind."

The line which I have italicized is incorrectly placed, and ought to have preceded the first line of the quotation, and following "dissolve" comes "And like this insubstantial pageant faded" in modern texts. One wonders, too, why the sculptor was caused to omit the next two lines:

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

The purpose of this short article is simply to set down a few thoughts and impressions experienced upon visiting the Abbey. It would be foolish, therefore, to attempt to enumerate the famous dead whose remains have found an honored, if somewhat congested, last resting place in this ancient building. We do feel constrained to include the details, however macabre, of the rather uneasy sojourn of Ben Jonson's bones in the Abbey.

In the first place, he was buried standing upright. The story has it that he asked King Charles I to grant him a favor. "What favor?" asked the king. "Give me eighteen inches square of ground." "Where?" asked the king, and Ben replied, "In Westminster Abbey." That is one explanation; another is that he wished to be ready for the Resurrection. That he was buried upright is certainly true, as shown by the following story, or part of a story, for which we are indebted to Mr. Charles Hiatt in the Bell Series of books on Cathedrals.

... When in 1849, Sir Robert Wilson was buried close by, the loose sand of Johnson's grave "rippled in like quicksand" to use the expression of the clerk of the works who superintended the operation, and the clerk "saw the two leg-bones of Jonson, fixed bolt upright in the sand, as though the body had been buried in an upright position; and the skull came

rolling down among the sand from a position above the leg-bones, to the bottom of the newly made grave. There was still hair upon it, and it was of a red color." It was seen once more in the the digging of John Hunter's grave (1859) and it still had traces of red hair upon it.

Jonson, incidentally, is not buried in the Poets' Corner, but in the north aisle of the nave. A blue slab of slate, fourteen inches square, bearing the words "O Rare Ben Jonson" once rested over his tomb, but it was removed during repairs to the nave in 1821 and is now fixed to the north wall.

So much for our discussion of "graves, and worms, and epitaphs." I was barred from entering the Chapter House, which is the second largest in England (Lincoln alone exceeding it). This was a disappointment, as I was particularly anxious to see the mutilated paintings on its walls. There is a crypt under the Chapter House, but none under the Abbey proper, nor under its choir. The Cloisters, or Cloister walks as they are called at Westminster, are a fine addition to the conventual buildings of the Abbey. They were constructed principally during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

I turned away from the Abbey with the usual question in my mind. Is this building a place of worship, a spectacular mausoleum for England's famous dead, or simply a sort of exalted museum? As I, like many a visitor before me, pondered this question, a party of American G.I.'s went by, all chewing gum with great diligence and apparent concentration. They were led by a plump chaplain in a faultless two-toned uniform with a bewildering spectrum of ribbons above the left breast pocket. Over on the other side of the nave a Cockney hawker peddled postcards—fourpence, I think they cost—while not far away a stout man with a pendulous lower lip gazed vacantly at the huge monument to Pitt the Elder.

Suddenly I had had enough, and I turned and walked hurriedly towards the door. Then, just as I crossed the west end of the nave, beyond the grave of the Unknown Soldier, I turned and raised my eyes. There it was, the mighty nave of Westminster, proof beautiful as it was conclusive that the refuge sought by Words-

worth in his "hours of fear and grovelling thought" was not departed, but remains for those who seek it. Somehow in gazing upward one forgets the clutter at his feet. It was high noon, but even then the wonders of the upper nave were indistinct and remote; the lovely vaulted roof was dim and softened, as if seen at a great distance, and the graceful arches were delicate and unreal as they faded into the noon-day twilight of that lofty void.

That is Westminster as I remember it. Superbly beautiful, yet not quite satisfactory to the visitor who finds, as he

studies it, that his attention hesitates between two powerful interests, architectural and historical. The result of this division is not a happy one. The refuge is there for those who seek it, but the average person is repelled by the carnival aspect of the place and fails to grant to the Abbey the admiration that is its due. I left Westminster Abbey with little desire to return, but could it be transplanted to Dorset or the valley of the Wye—with a substantial loss in sculptural impedimenta on the way—I should place it very high among all the ancient buildings I have seen.

## COUNTERPOINT

By HELEN MORRISON

A thin little nose, a tattered shoe peeked through the fence.

"Whatcha doing?"

"I'm hanging out the washing."

"It looks awful white."

"That's because I have no children."

"Aren't ya married?"

"Yes."

"People who don't have children are lucky."

"How old are you?"

"Nine. How old are you?"

"Do you have any brothers and sisters?"

"Yes."

"I think you are lucky."

"People without kids don't know they're well off."

"Why, I'd love to have one."

"Oh—one."

"Well, three then."

"Howdja like eight?"

"Eight is getting a little high."

"My mother has eight."

The tattered shoe, the little nose disappeared down the street, holding a little urchin with each hand.

# A Woman of Parts

by Merron Chorny

IT was at Klymchuck's wedding that Mrs. Lewko boasted that at fifty-five she was better than any man there. If this incident had occurred two years earlier, no one would have doubted her, for her whole past life would have been sufficient proof of her prowess. The tales about her exploits were legend. Oldtimers still told stories of how Mrs. Lewko had dragged a "breaker" through a quarter-mile of brush to a field she wanted plowed. They spoke of her first winter on the homestead when sixteen times she had carried hundred-pound sacks of flour through seven miles of drifted snow in zero weather. They also told of how she had hitched herself with a horse to the harrows and had thus worked in the fields all day. A tall, lean, sinewy woman, who had been one of the first settlers in the district, she had gained the respect and admiration of all who knew her, as much by her sympathy and friendliness, as by her physical strength and endurance. For Mrs. Lewko loved people and fun. At an evening gathering she would dominate the conversation with her charm and wit. At a wedding, no one was her peer. She knew more and better songs than anyone else. She slapped men good-naturedly on their backs, and laughed loudest at their jokes. Drink for drink, she would stand up to anyone and swore she could drink any man under the table. Only two years previously she had playfully thrown two-hundred and sixty-pound Steve Woliansky into his own horse-trough.

But now, people were not so sure that Mrs. Lewko was still the woman she had been. For since her youngest son had left home two years before, her neighbors had noted an amazing change in the woman. There was now no sparkle in her eye, no life in her step. Her once-proud head was bowed, and the long lean body bent as though under a load. Her hair had almost turned white. "People like her change suddenly." Pete Dowhey remarked. "They do not grow old gradually, but go on and on till a day comes when their age catches

up with them." Mrs. Lewko seldom went out any more. Her presence at Klymchuck's was an exception.

It was the first night of the wedding. The last donation to the bride and groom had been made. The donor had quaffed his glass of wine, shaken hands with the groom, kissed the bride, and was now bussing the bridesmaids. Sam Wosaty was serving beer from his seemingly-bottomless blue-enamel pitcher. The musicians were tuning their instruments, while from the crowd came an ever-louder buzzing noise. It was then that Steve Bodnar stopped to speak to Mrs. Lewko. "Ah, neighbor, the years catch up with all of us," he said. "Harry Plishka was telling me just the other day how changed he thought you looked. I guess we must all accept the inevitable."

Mrs. Lewko straightened. "Do you really think that I've aged that much, Steve? Appearances can be deceiving. Troubles have had me down before, but they've never broken me!" A crowd was slowly gathering around the couple.

"Yes," Bodnar answered, "but you were younger then. I can remember the time when you were the equal of any man in the district."

Mrs. Lewko stood up slowly, and drew herself to her full six feet. A trace of a smile appeared on her face. "Well, I'm fifty-five years old," she spoke in an even voice, "and I'm still better than any man in this room." She loosened her kerchief and let it fall on her shoulders. "Does any man here care to dance with me?" she called.

There was silence for a moment.

Then Nick Petruk stepped forward. A broad, stocky man, who had just come over from the Old Country, he was undaunted by the challenge. To him this was just another woman. Mrs. Lewko motioned for the crowd to stand back, then stepped to the centre of the room. "Hraytih mooziki! (Play musicians!)" she cried. Bill Topich



tenderly raised his violin to his chin and tenderly caressed the strings with his wiry fingers. The man with the dulcimer ran the hammers across the instrument. A cymbal clanged. Bill's fingers flew. The dulcimer hammers bounded and danced like witches' fire. It was the famous "kolomeyka," fifteen minutes of which left most men exhausted. Nick and Mrs. Lewko were like a couple of marionettes worked by a madman. Hands on hips they faced each other. Their feet moved like the blades of a mower's cutterbar: now backward and forward, toe behind heel, heel behind toe, now from side to side, toe crossing toe tapping the floor with lightning-like rapidity. Now Nick squatted, arms crossed, kicking his feet to side and to front cossack-fashion, while Mrs. Lewko, looking shy, pranced in a circle about him with mincing little steps, like a partridge in the mating season. Now with their arms about each other they were twisting around like the whirling snow on the open prairie. From time to time Nick would throw back his shaggy head and cry at the top of his deep voice, "Babo hoolyay! (Dance woman!)", and Mrs. Lewko would smile and answer with a loud "Whoo-whoo!" And all the while, the piercing notes of the violin rose to a wailing lament to come laughing down to the sad loneliness of the minor keys. Beads of sweat rolled down the violinist's face and soaked into

his collar. His shirt clung to his chest. People stood round in wonder, awe and admiration. Twenty minutes had passed, and Nick and the woman still danced this dance,—now seemingly so primitive, now made beautiful beyond description by the easy, graceful, exciting movements of the two dancers.

However—Nick was beginning to tire. His feet were dragging a little now. He no longer shouted "Baboo hoolyay!" But Mrs. Lewko seemed as fresh as when she had started.

"Cheremosheh, Cheremosheh,  
How clear is your water!—"

The dulcimer in muted tones rang out the "kolomeyka!" A half-hour passed. Suddenly Nick stopped, threw out his hand to Mrs. Lewko and said, "You win!"

The woman did not stop dancing. "Whoo-whoo!" she called, "who's next?" The lilting notes of the "kolomeyka" coaxed and taunted the men standing round. Nick Hladun, flushed with drink, sprang into the circle of men and women and began to dance. In ten minutes he was through. Harry Bayrak lasted no longer. The music stopped. Mrs. Lewko stood still. She heaved a deep sigh. Seizing a glass of beer from the nearest onlooker, she gulped it down hurriedly, lustily wiped her mouth with her hand, and spoke in a loud and ringing voice, "Who's next!"

No one moved.

# NOT TIMETABLED

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BY A. E. NELSON

**T**HE Importance of Living. Those words form the title of Lin Yutang's chatty and intimate book on philosophy—philosophy as it should be. But, "The Importance of Living" is more than just the title of a book: "The Importance of Living" is the core of a wisdom which the twentieth century seldom knows and often forgets. The simple business of taking hold of the basic pleasures of life and enjoying them leisurely loses its simplicity in a world which is doggedly devoted to everything big, whether it be big machines, big busi-

ness, big government, or "big ideas." But the importance of just plain Living still remains and rests, as always, on the ability to enjoy the ordinary things which we often regard as almost trivial.

Coffee, cigarettes, conversation: ordinary things! But are they trivial? Lin Yutang has a chapter on the Enjoyment of Living in which he devotes many pages to tea-drinking, smoking and conversation and they, for him, are arts of living. I suspect that the real difference between Lin Yutang and our student body, in this mat-

ter, is that Lin Yutang enjoys these simple pleasures enough to write about them. For surely coffee-drinking on the campus has become an institution within an institution, possibly a better one in some respects.

The three—coffee, cigarettes and conversation—must go together. They are perhaps three individual arts but they must cling to each other to produce the singularly delightful pleasure of a Wasted Hour. They are elements of the whole, but each has its own function. Coffee is the Excuse. Can you imagine anything more ridiculous than an invitation like this: "Let's go for a conversation." But can you imagine anything more normal, more appealing than, "Let's go for coffee." We don't say, "I've just had an informative discussion with Joe": we do say, "Joe and I were over for a coffee." But after all, it is the conversation that is really important. How often do you go for coffee with someone who is dull, studious, untalkative? Seldom, I imagine. The direct immediate sensual pleasure of drinking good coffee is not to be minimized; but it must be apparent to all that coffee is secondary to conversation and is fundamentally essential only in the sense that it equips us with a ready and unembarrassing excuse to ask someone to chat with us for an hour or so.

If coffee be the Excuse then smoking is the Spice which imparts the flavor to a recipe for a happily Wasted Hour. A man's smoking manner does much to reveal him. There are those who "roll their own" and in the process provide a comic relief to any gathering. There are others who are so fastidious and cautious in this bit of home-manufacture that onlookers must unconsciously tag these souls with a variety of adjectives. And what shall we say of that rare gentleman whose pack of tailor-made is kept so close to his person that the appearance of a cigarette between his fingers has something definitely mysterious about its origin? Nor can anyone long remain ignorant of the presence of the the inveterate smoker of OP's. Set a diversified group like this one smoking over cups of coffee and stimulating conversation is bound to result. Let someone become enthusiastic, even explosive, and the pause for a puff on the cigarette and the subsequent mouthful of smoke cannot but

mellow his tone. After a little time the immediate vicinity will be seen to relax under the spell of a thin blue haze of smoke which must by its very nature render the discussion suitably calm and obscure. The drawing-power of a Wasted Hour over coffee lies in the undisciplined ease of the conversation, a characteristic contributed to in no small way by smoking—the Spice of the recipe.

So far we have dwelt on the Excuse and the Spice of the unscheduled hour in student routine: there remains, the Reason. These haphazard, but selective; these accidental, but intentioned; these light-hearted, but weighty; these casual, but serious oases in the desert of scholarly activity exist for one reason only: namely, chit-chat. The cynic might label it gossip, the academic might think it slothfulness, the staid might call it shallowness; but, to the regimented student it is indeed an oasis of refreshment. Not of physical refreshment mind you, though coffee and smoking play their part, but rather, if one may use a high sounding word, of spiritual refreshment.

Here in an isolated corner one may sit at a table with a friend, or two friends, or three or a half-dozen, and be himself; saying what he thinks, being understood for what he means and free from a "conscious" effort to learn or remember. Here he becomes an unleashed individual, rescued from the receptor end of a classroom ritual. Here he may digress with abandon, wandering far afield from the topic of the day. Should his flighty mind become too irresponsible, friends will set him right by delicate insinuations; but often a digression is more to be desired than is conformity. Here he may use homely, intimate analogies and illustrations that are meaningful and appealing. Here, in a word, he may be himself. In fact must be himself if he hopes to linger long with his fellows.

For in spite of its deceptively artless structure a coffee session is selective of its participants and marked by its form, even though the essence of that form be easy freedom. A coffee group seems always to have an accidental nucleus which assembles itself unconsciously and meets with astonishing regularity. One imagines that there must exist a common bond of

some kind between the members of this core, but it would be wicked, perhaps fruitless, to attempt an analysis of that bond. The members of this core are life-members, so to speak, but new faces attach themselves now and then and here the process of selection enters. Nothing can be said about this art of accepting and rejecting the new blood: it is a sub-surface activity with no concrete mode of expression, but operating with amazing accuracy nevertheless. It could not be otherwise. The continued enjoyment of conversation over coffee depends on the assembly of diverse but kindred spirits.

Perhaps difference of personality is the only criterion of selection, for the careless freedom of the form of discussion relies for its vitality on the spark of variety. The analogy of the oasis and the desert may now safely be carried a little farther: The oasis is the coffee hour; the desert is the balance of the campus. The intention however is not to emphasize that the campus is barren: it is rather to suggest that, like an oasis, the coffee hour is a spot where one may pause, refresh and replenish. An oasis is desirable because it follows effort and anxiety. So conversation and coffee are pleasures that minister to the soul distraught by anxious effort. They offer the student the chance to relax and regain perspective—to feel that in humble chit-chat, life, after all, is good. But to call it humble chit-chat is not to divest it of meaning. Really satisfying conversation builds out of knowledge and wisdom and the inter-play of conflicting notions. Lectures, rigid though they be, do dispense that information which is the raw material of conversation at its best. Faculties, and lectures, uncorrelated though they be, do supply the breadth of approach that puts sparkle in conversation. The student newspaper, foolish though it may be

at times, does occasionally erupt latent sentiments and thoughts that set student minds to pondering. Imported speakers, dull though they be at times, do sow the seeds of striking controversies. The local hockey team, discouraging though it be at times, does keep tongues wagging.

There you have it: as wide a variety of suggestive information as you could wish, but all of it broken down into isolated little parcels of varying size and importance to each and every student. But all of it counts in the Importance of Living.

"Let's go for coffee!"

And now, settled down with a cup of coffee, a lazy cigarette, and an unhurried enthusiasm to expound your views on a professor, a lecture, a faculty, the student paper, a speaker or the hockey team you begin to fit things into places of their relative importance. Though you may think the last hockey game all-important someone else may give prior claim to the so-called Communist threat. On the other hand, your burning irritation with a lecture from which you escaped only bare five minutes ago may cause that lecture to dominate the conversation for the next twenty minutes. But not for longer—anger wears out and the impartial opinions of your mates will whittle things down to size.

For you see the Wasted Hour is not after all, wasted! It is that enormously important period in student routine, which though not timetabled, is the time when freedom holds sway and the importance of living is realized in all its simplicity. The machinery is scant—coffee being the seven-cent excuse, cigarettes the mellowing spice, and idle conversation, being the unexpressed desire to tell and to listen and balance and evaluate, the reason.

May it never be timetabled.

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## *The Silver Pitcher*

By HELEN MCGREGOR

**I**N the corner of the open cupboard, on top the gaily enamelled tin bread-box and a little aloof from the level of commonplace things, it sat—a silver pitcher. .

From the firm circle of its base, the sides arose in a gentle but voluptuous swell to rounded shoulder and the smooth ring of its throat. The broad lip over



which so many varied liquids had poured in swift rush or carefully guided stream, was balanced on the opposite side by the curve of a handle, delicately etched with leaves, not so slender as to be insecure to the grasp nor so large as to be unwieldy but so fashioned that it slipped beneath one's fingers as easily as the hand of a friend.

Despite a dent or two from the frequent falls and bumpings which anything in constant domestic use must expect, and, in due time, receive, the pitcher's bright surface mirrored the kitchen in a very strange, but most enchanting manner. Within the concave circle of its throat, there, indeed, was the kitchen, but reflected upside-down and compressed into a narrow band of color which slid around the pitcher's silver edges into the obscurity of cupboard shadows. When the gaze wandered down over the smooth roll of shoulder to the vaster expanse of sloping side it found the kitchen world again reflected, but in a less unconventional manner. At least things were not inverted. However, some objects appeared distorted and exaggerated, some broadened and flattened out, some lengthened and narrowed, and their odd reflections changed, as one walked by, according to the light and the place in which one stood. The stove had curved sides and legs and a huge rounded front. The door seemed very distant and hung oddly on its hinges. The largest thing in this reflected world was the flour can which appeared to be so huge that it veered off into infinity quite out of the pitcher's range.

One was tempted to pick up this silver vessel and gaze at the double human image which looked out, gargoyle-like, at one. At a little distance, one appeared not too deformed, a recognizable human being. The pitcher, brought closer, gradually mirrored a change. Instead of two images, one inverted above the other, there was only one. Hair met hair and disappeared into a broad forehead above a double set of eyes which also melted together as the pitcher was tilted. Eyes vanished into nothingness and left two huge, distended nostrils between round, pouchy cheeks. They, too, vanished and one great, blind mouth, within a pale circle of flesh, remained. Turned still further, the pitcher reflected no mouth, no neck, nothing but

a headless double torso. Flip, all body disappeared and one found oneself gazing into the dim interior of the silver pitcher.

But one ought not to be too hasty and put the pitcher back. Look once more. Ignore one's own image and see what can be seen, for there is much left to be discovered. There, in the background, what does one see? Everything has receded into miniatures so fascinating and so tiny that distortion no longer affects their general outlines. Here is a little window through whose diminutive panes falls a delicate ray of light upon a tiny table set for baby fairies. Even the dents which mar the pitcher's smooth sides, reveal enchantment, for within them light and color is whirled about in such a wonderful and intricate manner that one is quite bewitched.

And so much, one may say, for the pitcher. Put it back on the shelf in its place on top the bread-box and leave it at peace. Of course, a silver pitcher should not be in the kitchen in the first place. It should be among more worthy company than common china and tin canisters. However, put it back in its place before another accident befalls it.

But wait a moment; this is no ordinary table jug. Look—the leaves about the handle are beginning to flutter, and from beneath them slip tiny fauns and dryads, satyrs, and leprechauns. A beautiful liquid, honey-sweet and fragrant as a summer dawn, fills the pitcher to the brim, and within its shimmering depths, nymphs and water sprites play. In the reflected world of miniature, fairies, elves and droll little gnomes sit at the tiny table and eat from diminutive dishes.

This is all quite ridiculous, one says, just a trick of the eye. A scientific explanation is in order. The light waves are reflected at angles and . . . just consult a text on optics.

But a text on optics won't explain the music. Listen. Can't you hear the pipes of fauns and satyrs, the soft voices of nymph and dryad, the harmony of fairy flutes? Of course you can. Magic? Perhaps; and science cannot explain magic.

This silver pitcher is art which reflects in many ways, curious, grotesque, often obscure but always beautiful, the goings-on of life about it. Art, like the silver pitcher, exaggerates and transforms, but never ignores that which is within its

scope. It is never simple, although it captures the essence of reality. Beneath the hands, both of skilled craftsmen and awkward fools, it has achieved its forms, the form which gives added meaning to all that it reflects.

And what is the liquid swirling and filling with sweetness and light the dim interior of art? Is it a liquor more potent than any ferment of grape or grain; a nectar which, since before the grey dawn of history, in every country from England and the lands of the north, to Greece, the Mediterranean and the dry wastes of Arabia, has fed, inspired and sustained the spirit of man. At times it has almost disappeared—evaporated beneath the scorching sun of bigotry and ignorance—only to return, in the next age, abundant as an ever-flowing mountain spring. It will never vanish, although it may change to follow the curves of art and accident, for it is part of the very soul of mankind; it is the voice of art; it is poetry.

"But at my back I always hear

Time's winged chariot hurrying near,

And yonder all before us lie

Deserts of vast eternity."

This wine of Andrew Marvell—would you

pour it, together with that of all the other poets, into the silver pitcher and place both in some hollow, carved, marble alcove where the vessel will gather dust, not shine with use, and the wine will glimmer unseen and untasted? No. Leave them both here in the kitchen where tired men may rejoice in the beauty of the silver and, drinking deep of the shimmering liquid, feel warmed and refreshed. Leave it here for the children to play with, and see in the shining surface and the clear depths, such sprites and elves and fairy flutists as have appeared to us today. Let us not be afraid of examining the pitcher for fear that we may have an accident which will mar its shape or spill its contents. Delights which we have only dreamed of lurk here, and, although one should take care, chance or accident may produce a new form, a curve or indentation, which will mirror life in a new and wonderful way. Let us not place art on a high pedestal, out of sight, but let it remain, perhaps a little above the level of ordinary things, yet an intrinsic part of our everyday life, always among us. Place it on the kitchen shelf, where it will gleam amid cupboard shadows like the silver pitcher.

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## HARVEST

SHOWN on the opposite page is Miss Audrey MacDonald, Arts graduate '48, at work on her first major painting, a mural called "*Harvest*." Intended to be symbolic of the contrast between the great material resources of the West and the value people receive from those resources, the mural is done in egg-tempera, and will be varnished with white wax to give it the flattened effect required. When completed, the picture will have taken two months of steady work.

Miss MacDonald is interested in a variety of media, but prefers to work in oils. The egg-tempera technique, comparatively rare in Canada, gives a glossy, translucent finish which is very durable. The technique was used by early Renaissance painters. The Art classes here at Alberta provide students with the opportunity to learn this technique.

In addition to the mural, Miss MacDonald has two smaller paintings nearing com-

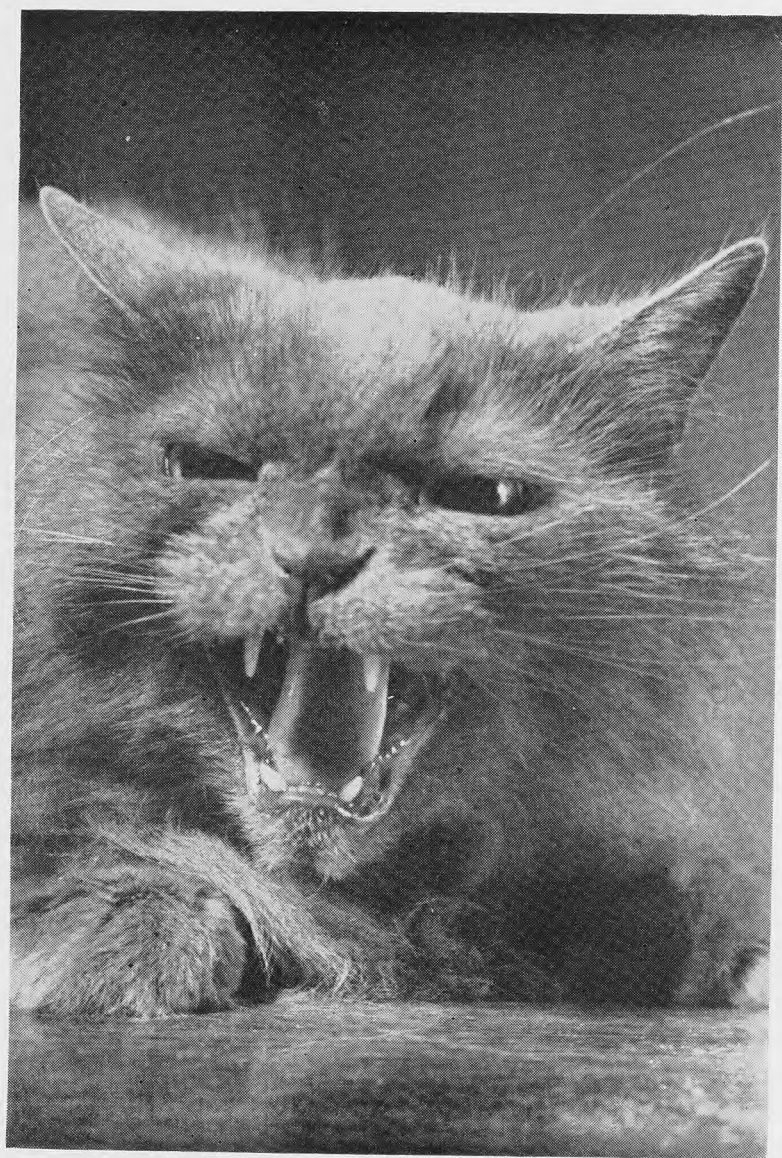
pletion. The first is an interior scene called *The Market*, particularly noteworthy for the texture of vegetables and draperies. The second, *November*, shows a snowy roadway into a small village, and is done in mixed technique, where the underpainting builds up lights that glow through a glazed finish and give an amazing impression of life and depth.

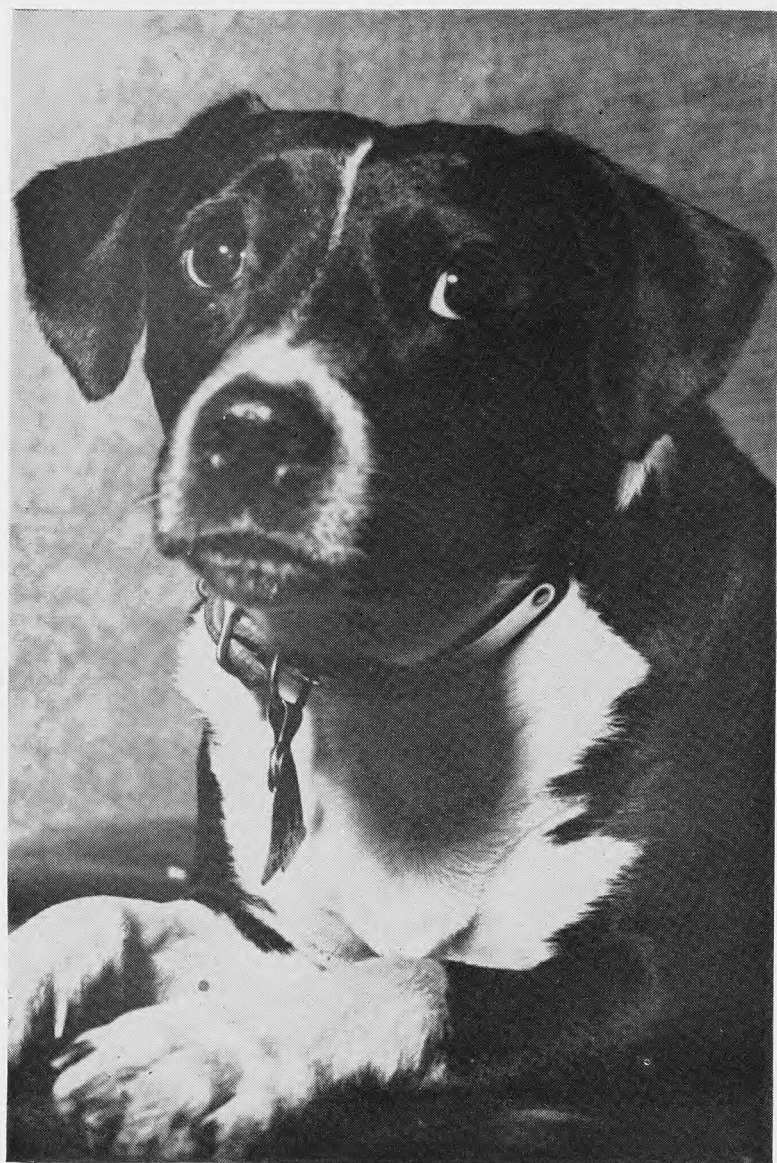
Miss MacDonald believes that the University needs an Art Club for people really interested in painting, and considers it important for artists to meet and encourage each other. The scenic qualities of White Mud and Capitol Hill would easily repay the interest of sketching parties, she said.

Planning to be married this month to Jim Dunn, also an Alberta graduate, Miss MacDonald expects to live in Victoria, where she intends to continue her painting career so happily begun at the University of Alberta. Photo by Gordon Wyatt.











"THE PLAYER"

Gordon Wyatt.

# ANDY

By D. E. WILSON

THE three boys watched the dog in silence. Andy sat down on a box and leaned forward with his hands dangling between his knees and his head lowered. Joey stared with an expression of pained perplexity. Bert, who was standing closest to the dog, wrinkled up his forehead and shifted his gaze.

"I wish Paw would come home" he said.

"Yeah," said Joey, and his mouth hung open. "Nothing we can do for him, is there?" he said mechanically.

Bert turned on the smaller boy furiously. "I've told you a hundred times there's nothing we can do for him. The sulfa pills Dr. Barton gave me don't seem to be doing him any good. A vet wouldn't do him any good either, Mr. Barton said. He'll either get well on his own or he won't get well. Now, if you ask me that once more, I'll clout you one, see?" He took a step toward the smaller boy, raised his arm threateningly then turned abruptly and walked away.

Joey retreated and burst into tears. "He don't have to get so mad," he wailed to Andy. Andy neither answered nor took his eyes from the dog. Still sobbing, Joey approached the animal, knelt down and placed his hands under it. He lifted, and said, "Come up, boy, up." But the dog did not remain on his feet when he released it. The four legs caved as though they were made of rubber. The head moved from side to side crazily. The dog whimpered, not from pain, but helplessness.

Joey said tearfully, "We can't do anything for you, old boy. No one can." After regarding the dog for a moment, he looked at his brother. "Are you going to keep sitting here, Andy?"

"I guess I will," Andy replied. "Maybe he'd like some company." His voice trailed off. He hunched his shoulders up while he prodded with a stick into the dust. A moment later he rose restlessly, went to the pump with the dog's dish to get fresh water, and placed it between the trembling forelegs. The dog responded as it had the other ten or fifteen times that this ritual had been performed today. It lapped feebly at the water a couple of times and shakily placed its head across its leg to avoid the dish. Andy left the water

there for a moment before withdrawing it.

He hunted next for the dog's food dish and placed it as he had the water. He had filled the dish with bread and milk at noon, throwing out the old food. The dog had not eaten for five days, and it did not eat now. It did not even sniff at the food. Andy wondered how long a dog could live without eating.

He held a lump of the milk-soaked bread up to the dog's mouth. "Come on, Danny," he said pleadingly. The animal's only movement was the slight trembling of the whole body and the wavering of the neck as if it would collapse. A puzzled whine was prolonged as the head was laid on the ground again. A butterfly meandered within three inches of the dog's nose, but the brown eyes did not focus on it.

Bert called from the house. "You better do some hoeing, Andy. You're not doing any good just sitting there watching."

Andy turned his head slightly. "There's lots of time. It don't seem right to leave him here all alone."

"Did you hear me?" Bert yelled. "I got enough trouble around here with Danny sick, and you do what you're told. You know what Paw said." He took a hoe himself and started for the field.

Andy rose put the food aside, and placed the water back close to Danny before leaving him. Bert was fourteen and Andy twelve, while Joey was only nine. Bert was therefore in command when the father was away on one of those business trips which he conducted in the interest of his cattle-raising. The boys' mother had been dead for many years.

Halfway to the house Andy stopped and turned back to look at Danny. At that moment there came waddling across the yard the small black dog from the next farm. It was close to Danny now, and Andy wondered if pity would pass between the two dogs. They had often played together, chasing cars, ranging the fields for rabbits, and fighting in mock-battle.

The small dog was inspecting the ground with its nose in a near-sighted manner. Approaching Danny, it sniffed at him, then continued smelling the ground. Soon it found the dish of food and was busy gulping.



"Get out of there!" yelled Andy in horror and disgust. He picked up a piece of wood and flung it at the dog, cracking it on the leg and sending it yelping.

In the potato field Andy stopped where Bert was hoeing. "Did Barton say anything about what chance a dog has of getting over distemper, after he's had it for nine days, like Danny has?"

Bert scowled. "He said that he's seen dogs get weaker and weaker with it, and then maybe after a week, they hit a low point and begin to get well again."

"After a week. But what about nine days?"

Bert took a file from his pocket and began carefully grinding it along the edge of the hoe-blade. "He said that if the dog keeps getting weaker for more than a week, there not much chance, but that even then there's some chance. Danny might lie like that for three or four days more, and then begin to get well." Suddenly he leaned forward and spoke with accentuating nods of his head. "Don't you forget that I'm boss around here. I'm the one that says what's going to be done, not you. Danny's not in any pain."

Andy avoided his brother's eyes and looked at the ground. "How do you know?" he said sullenly. "Just 'cause he isn't whining all the time?"

He thought that Bert was going to yell at him, the way his mouth opened and his breast rose. But Bert spoke in a shaky voice. "We've got to give him a real chance to get well." He paused for a moment, his breath coming unevenly. "You cleaned your rifle last night, didn't you? What was the idea? You never use it."

Andy swung his hoe at a large weed, chopping it off carefully underneath the ground. "Oh, I dunno. I was just restless and didn't know what to do with myself. I figure I'll sell it one of these days. You know I don't like hunting."

"That's right," said Bert, regarding his brother thoughtfully. "You never did do much hunting. You're pretty soft-hearted, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not. I just don't see the sense of it. Besides, you guys shoot a lot of things that don't do any harm."

Bert went on with his hoeing, saying over his shoulder, "Maybe I'll buy your rifle myself. It's in better shape than my own."

Andy thought about Bert's words as he hoed. Danny might lie for another three or four days, his heart-beat becoming weaker and weaker, until finally he would not even have the strength to raise his head. Even now the boys had to carry him out of the house into the sunshine every morning. Andy gripped his hoe harder as he swung it furiously into the ground. A gopher ran before him, and he was too slow to throw his hoe at it, even if he had wanted to. Swiftly it streaked between the rows of potatoes. That animal did not have to lie and wait for death to descend.

Andy hoed grimly for almost an hour before he stopped. He took a deep breath and looked at his brother, who was at the other end of the field. If he took his hoe with him when he went, his brother might follow him and tell him to get back to work. That had happened in the past. He would leave the hoe, as if he was merely going for a drink of water. He walked with long strides towards the house, without looking back to see if Bert was watching.

First of all, he thought, Joey must be found. Andy did not look at the dog as he walked past it into the barn where Joey was cleaning out some pails in a leisurely manner.

"Say Joey, if you'll go over to Gordon's place, he'll give you the glass eyes for the owl we're stuffing. He said he'd have them today. Bert says it's all right for you to go."

"Okay," said Joey. "I gave Danny some fresh water, but he didn't drink it, and I put his food up to him, but he didn't eat." The two walked out of the barn into the radiant sunshine.

"Andy, how long can a dog live without eating? How long? Look at him, Andy. Look at the way his ribs stand out."

"You better go quick," said Andy. He stood and waited, looking at his brother anxiously. Joey looked as if he were about to start crying again. He left the yard hanging his head sorrowfully. Andy saw him disappear around the bend in the road and knew he would not be back for twenty minutes.

Inside the house Andy reached up and took his twenty-two from the rack. It felt strange to him. He wished now that he had done more hunting, and that his

hands were as expert and firm with a rifle as Bert's. He took two bullets from a box, and then a third one. He looked out the window to make sure that Bert was still hoeing steadily. Leaving the house he held the rifle close to his side. When he had turned the corner, the house was between him and Bert. But he had to act quickly, he told himself. He realized his hands were covered with sweat when he placed a bullet in the breach of the rifle and shoved the bolt forward.

He knew that the shot should go right between the eyes. Suddenly he became afraid of the weapon in his hands. Had he not always been afraid of it? He placed his hand on the dog's hot nose and stroked the head that was following a winding course through the air to the ground. The dog lay quietly, twitching feebly now and then. The boy placed the muzzle of the rifle between the dog's eyes. The dog did not move, nor did its eyes focus on the barrel, nor on anything else. The boy drew the air into his lungs in a deep, catching breath, set his teeth, and pulled the trigger. There was a "click."

He lowered himself from his knees to the ground, resting his rifle against his body, muzzle upward. He opened his mouth; the muscles of his throat contracted and his stomach heaved. Three times his head rose and fell with the movement of his stomach. Calm once more, he raised himself to his knees, took the safety off the rifle and placed the tip of the barrel against the dog's forehead, holding it rigidly. He squeezed the trigger. The explosion was like a sharp crack. Violent shudders seized the dog; each affected all the muscles at once. The head did not leave the ground. The body settled down limply on its side; movement ceased.

Andy stared at the small red hole the bullet had made and the short streak of blood that was running down from it. He was frightened, even as he saw that Danny was really dead, and that it wasn't necessary for him to fire again. The thought that no longer would the dog be oppressed by a sense of its feebleness occurred to him, but did not comfort him. He felt within him sickness and confusion growing, as if he were slowly becoming aware of the enormity of his crime. He

let the rifle fall to the ground. Should he run away before Bert reached him? But he felt too weak. He sat down on the box and waited.

Bert came running around the corner of the house. Andy stood, his face white and strained. Bert went straight for the dog, looked at the bullet hole, then swung around on his brother. Grabbing him by the shirt front he hurled him backward to the ground.

"You're a murderer!" he screamed. "That dog might have got well!"

Raising himself to his feet, Andy said, "You know very well he didn't have a . . ." Suddenly he bent almost double, opened his mouth in a spasmodic grimace, and retched. Again his body rose and fell convulsively, again and again. After a couple of moments he lifted his head and breathed deeply. Bert was watching in amazement.

"I don't blame you for being mad," Andy said. "But you'd a done it soon anyway. Danny isn't suffering any more now."

Bert looked at his brother as if he were seeing him for the first time. The younger boy was pale, calm and controlled.

"I guess I got no right to be mad," Bert said slowly. "I shoulda done it myself. But the thought of . . ." He walked over to the dog's body and got down on his knees.

"Andy, did he die quick?"

"Yes. He died instantly."

The two were silent for a moment.

"Where's Joey?"

"I sent him over to Gordon's to get him out of the way."

Another silence.

"Andy, what do you think we'd better do? Should we bury him before Joey gets back? He's going to cry a lot."

Andy considered, while Bert watched him with anxious eyes. "No, that wouldn't be fair. He's going to cry anyway. We should have some kind of a funeral, you know."

He picked up his rifle from the ground, drew back the bolt, and watched the empty shell fall to the ground. The weapon felt stranger and colder to him than it had ever felt.

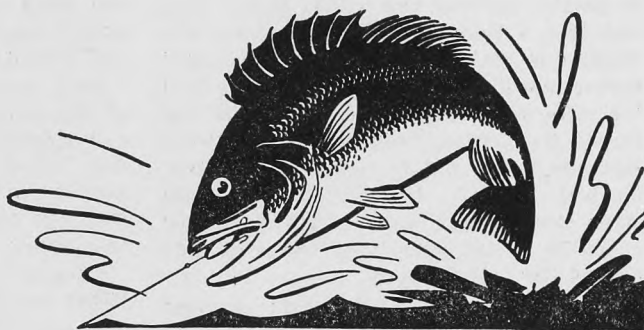
"Do you still want to buy my rifle?"

"If you want," Bert answered.

The two boys watched quietly as the small black dog from the next farm crossed the yard to the dish of food nearby, lowered its head and noisily wolfed the contents.

# FISH STORY

NICK SHYMKO



VARSITY was over for another year, and having had some experience in marine matters, I applied for employment with an outfit fishing lakes Athabasca and Great Slave. I was looking for money, but I got adventure and education thrown in.

The arrival in Waterways on May 20th of a large number of employes of the company, myself included, was the signal for a sudden buzz of activity. The air seemed charged with expectancy. Everyone was eager to get under way and all the men were pressed into stevedoring service, loading barges with necessary supplies and equipment. The greater part of the loading completed, the crew was told to move into the house barge in preparation for an imminent departure. We moved, and then we waited impatiently through a series of postponements until at last, at 4:30 p.m. on May 25th, the river boats *Beaver Lake* and *Cross Fox* jockeyed their loaded barges around in the narrow Clearwater river and headed down north.

Three miles on our way the Clearwater joined forces with the broader, mightier Athabasca, and just below the confluence of the rivers the first "fast water" was encountered. Here the usually peaceful stream narrows and rushes between high banks and jagged rocks in a sudden show of power before it broadens out again. We navigated these rapids without incident, however, and then decided to tie the boats up for the night, for dusk was falling rapidly and the treacherous currents might have worn out new channels and uncovered snags and built new sandbars during the spring floods. So we retired on our

first night out lulled to sleep by the lapping of the river against the thick side of the barge, a melody to which clouds of mosquitos played a disconcerting obligato.

The commotion of resuming the journey at break of dawn momentarily awoke the few of us who were light sleepers, but we just turned over and went to sleep again, and by the time we rolled out the boats had progressed some thirty miles. After a late breakfast those of us who were making the trip for the first time hurried out to watch the land rolling by on either side of us. Now towering above our dwarfed boats were huge overhanging cliffs of tarsand; now the land dropped away almost to the level of the water. Here were trees and grass and the bright greens of heavy brush; here the rocks were bare and the land desolate. Through it all the river wound, now broad and broken by islands, now rushing through a single narrow channel, heading steadily northward as it did in the days white men first discovered it.

I amused myself by imagining what it had been like in those early days. Here, I thought, were the very scenes familiar to the pathfinders of Canada. On this very island they may have made a camp while from this shore distrustful Indians watched the disturbers of their peace. This venerable fir may have witnessed the passing of Mackenzie; that lofty hill could have been Pond's observation post. But were they thrilled at what they saw then any more than I was now with the grandeur and vastness of our country?

Mile after mile of the land slipped by, unchanged and unchanging except for the occasional sign of a slowly encroaching

civilization. Radio antennae hung above primitive log cabins; here was a tar sand processing plant, a forest ranger's post, an emergency landing strip with radio tower and cluster of buildings. I regretted the time taken up by meals, and watched on into the evening until the shore disappeared from view, and then went back to my bunk to dream of canoes and Alexander Mackenzie.

At breakfast next morning as the boats turned their barges up a branch of the river and came to a stop, we realized that our first destination had been reached. Willows, it was called, and the name was an apt description of the place. On this small island, five miles from the mouth of the Athabasca river, we pitched a few tents and moored our barges in preparation for fishing in Lake Athabasca.

Once we became established, our life soon fell into a humdrum routine that was broken only twice by incidents of note. The first occasion was an unprecedented rise in the river, which flooded most of the island and twice sent us scampering to move our tents to higher ground. The second break in my routine was a fishing trip with two natives. Caught in a sudden violent storm on the lake, we were beating a quick retreat when the boat struck a submerged rock and sprang a bad leak. Only energetic bailing kept us afloat until another boat nearby came and picked us up. Somehow I lost my thirst for excitement for some time to come.

The run of fish on Lake Athabasca was poor, however, and on June 17th we departed for Gros Cap on Great Slave Lake, leaving only a skeleton crew at Willows. The stormy lake was crossed without incident and soon after passing by Fort Chipewyan, we entered the Slave River. Later in the day a capricious gust of wind claimed a victim in my old misshapen hat. I was sorry to lose it.

The evening of the same day we arrived at Fitzgerald, Alberta, from where we portaged to Fort Smith N.W.T. Here other boats and barges were waiting to convey us farther along our journey. The portage we had made is the longest and most famous remaining in the world today, sixteen miles long, in which distance the river falls 122 feet through a series of impassible rapids. Picking up the complement to our crew

which had been flown to Fort Smith, we continued on our way. In twenty hours we reached the perpetually frigid waters of Great Slave Lake. Crossing the lake took another ten hours, and it was almost midnight of June 19th, when we sighted Gros Cap, a cluster of tents, buildings, and moored barges nestling on the shore of a barren, rocky island.

The camp served as a base for fishing operations. From here the fishermen went out, two or three to a boat, returning each evening whenever the weather permitted. Storms often forced a boat to seek shelter on some other island, sometimes for two or three days at a time. The fishermen here came from many parts of Canada, whereas those on Lake Athabasca were mainly natives of that locality.

As the catches of whitefish, lake trout, and coney were brought in, they were weighed, and the weight credited to the account of the boat. The fish was all frozen fresh, and transported to market in that condition. Some of it was first dressed, and some filleted and wrapped. The freezing was done on barges equipped for that purpose, and the frozen product was packed in cartons and loaded into refrigerator barges. A loaded barge was picked up by the company boat on its return from Yellowknife, and taken on a slow journey up river to the rail head. Last summer one barge was swamped during a stormy crossing and most of the cargo was lost. The barge on which I was employed, however, was more fortunate.

Late in the summer fresh trout was flown out daily, a modernized version of the flying fish. A pontoon-equipped plane could make several trips a day between the camp and Yellowknife, where the fish was transferred to a larger plane and flown to the rail head at Waterways.

At the end of the season, about the middle of September, most of the crew was brought out by air. The flight took three hours, and gave me a wonderful opportunity to see from the air the route that had taken almost four days by river boat. I was glad to be back, but in teaching me something of life in the northern territories my summer excursion provided me with an educational return as valuable, if not as immediately practical, as the monetary one.



# Cousin Joe

by H. V. Weekes

ALL I know of Joe Margrave—all I'll ever know, perhaps—is contained in five distinct memories, like postcard pictures, with nothing in between. Because we were never friends in the way that cousins are often friendly, there is no thread of everyday experience to connect the individual scenes and give them a semblance of continuity. Without the clue, the common denominator, as it were, they remain five, individual, distinct, and separate postcards, to take in whatever way you prefer, to indicate whatever you will.

My first memory picture goes back to the time when I was eleven and he was ten, and both our families were sitting in our big dining room, enjoying the final minutes of our Christmas dinner. My mother, cool and slim and beautiful in the new blue dress Father had given her, was smiling her quiet, friendly little smile, and from my place beside her I could look up the table, past the huge silver candlesticks with their dozens of flaming pin points, and see a little bit of what it was that made her smile. At the head of the table, Father, extra handsome and all dressed up for once, looked very athletic beside Uncle Pete's two hundred unrestricted pounds. On the other side of him was Aunt Barbara, sitting stiffly erect while her fingers, thin and big boned like the rest of her, toyed absently with the handle of her coffee cup. Beside her, and directly across the snowy cloth from us, Cousin Joe crouched behind his plate, while his eyes, brown and immense against the almost unnatural whiteness of his face, ignored the drumstick he was gnawing and flitted back and forth between the two kinds of dessert. I guess my eyes were pretty big too, seeing the huge, steaming goodness of the fresh mince pie, and smelling the rich, satisfying flavor of it, and then turning to the cold, compelling allure of the ice cream

mountain with its red-roofed cabin and green candy trees all covered with sugar frost. My eyes were big, all right, but I think I must have appeared happy, while cousin Joe looked as though he were ready to cry. I wondered about that as Mary came in to remove the scanty remains of the turkey.

"Christmas is really the children's day," Mother said, "so we'll let them choose their dessert first. Will you have pie, or ice cream, Joe?"

Joe's eyes grew bigger than ever, and darted back and forth from one dessert to the other, while he tried to make up his mind. I never saw anyone look more flustered than he did over that simple question. We all looked at him, of course, waiting to see which one he'd choose, but somehow he didn't seem to be able to say a word.

"Come on, Joe," Uncle Pete ordered irritably. "Can't you see the rest of us are waiting?"

Cousin Joe dragged his eyes away from the desserts and looked up at Mother. "I'll have ice cream, please," he decided, and looked longingly at the mince pie. The way he said it made me think that maybe he'd eaten too much already, and was going to be sick, but when he dug into the ice cream it showed plainly enough there was nothing wrong with his stomach. Yet, all the time he was eating his ice cream, Joe didn't take his gaze from the mince pie, and if it hadn't been such a stupid idea, I'd have sworn there were tears in his eyes.

That little scene didn't seem to mean anything, however, and I suppose I would have forgotten all about it if it hadn't held something in common with my next view of Cousin Joe. Almost three years after that Christmas dinner, Uncle Pete was back in the city on a business trip, and Joe,

who had accompanied him, stayed with us for a day and a night while his father was busy in town. By this time, of course, Joe was nearer to being grown up, and was beginning to show signs of the same solid build his father boasted. He wasn't quite as tall as I was—maybe five one or two—but he was a good deal heavier, and certainly far more handsome. His hair was just enough darker than mine to save it from being plain barn paint red, and was just a trifle curly in spite of its shortness. His clothes, though no more expensive than mine, were certainly more conservative, and my bright blazer and checked pants must have looked juvenile beside his neat brown pin-stripe suit. His eyes, though, were still the most noticeable part of him, still big and brown and discontented. I'd known for a week that he was coming, and Mother had warned me that she would expect me to make him feel at home.

Our Tuxis group had planned a hike for the very day he was visiting and had invited a Sunday school class of girls to go with us. My suggestion that Joe might be included was well received, providing that I would also invite Sheila Granger, from next door. She was just a little thing, still too leggy to be pretty, but then, some of the other girls were no Clara Bows either, so I agreed, but I thought it would be awkward for me if Joe didn't care for hikes. I was relieved when he said he would be tickled to come.

There wasn't any question about where we would go. The youngsters of McKernan's Lake, our own suburban district, had long since discovered a place by the river that they had adopted for their own. White Mud, we called the place in those days, because it was just there that White Mud creek quickened to join the hurrying Saskatchewan. Now they call it Rosedale, though there aren't any roses, and crowds go there on Sundays, and it isn't much fun any more. The way it used to be, there were tall trees almost right down to the bank, and willows for fishing poles and hot dog holders. Not more than a hundred yards up the creek there was a place where we could go swimming, without bathing suits if the girls weren't along, where the sand was hard and white.

Joe got to our place early on that Wed-

nesday morning, and we fooled around until Jack Boley came across the dusty street from his place to see me. "Say," he said, "you haven't forgotten the weiners, have you? This is Wednesday, you know, and the butcher shop closes Wednesday afternoons."

I assured him that I had both weiners and buns in a box in our kitchen.

"Well, then," he said, "here's all the money I've collected. It's all there except yours and Joe's. We can divide up the stuff for carrying this afternoon, seeing we're all meeting at your place." He went off whistling, leaving us sitting on our front porch.

Joe, however, didn't seem comfortable any more, and after a while he looked over at me with a half worried expression on his face. "Is everybody putting in money?" he inquired.

"We always do that," I told him. "It's all money we earn ourselves, and besides,

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## Memo

I have been beguiled  
By red lips  
And roundness of tight-coiled  
Wool on busts  
And brown muscle plashing  
In blue water;  
I have forgot the shocking  
Ridges of ribs  
And sick-thrilled swelling  
Bellies of the kids;  
Bags of bones and guts in gutters.

*Hu Smith.*

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if we got things from our families, why, they'd want us to take sandwiches, and cake, and stuff like that. They don't seem to know you can't have a hike without weiners."

"I guess I can't go on your hike," my cousin Joe said.

"If it's the two bits you're short of . . ." I began.

"I've got ten dollars," Joe said.

"Gee! Well, then . . . ?"

"I just don't want to go on the hike," Joe said, and then he walked off the porch and into the front room to read a book.

It must have been an interesting story he was reading, for he went right back to it after dinner. Maybe he just didn't want to show his face around while I was explaining that he wasn't going to go on the hike. After we'd got down the alley a little way, though, I looked back over my shoulder to see that the gate was shut, and there was Joe. He had his book in his hand and was just standing there on the back porch, holding on to the doorpost and looking after us. His mouth was twisted up in a sort of grin that I guess was meant to show us he didn't care how many hikes we went on, but something about him reminded me unmistakably of that Christmas dinner, and I couldn't help wondering if this time there were tears in his eyes.

I doubt if I thought of him twice in all the rest of the year, or through the following years until I was a senior in high school, and Joe, having passed through the eleventh and last grade in his own town school, came to the city to stay with his mother's oldest sister for his final year. The fact that he attended the same school would have meant nothing to me if it hadn't been for Sheila Granger and our first formal dance.

Sheila had changed a great deal from the skinny legged kid I had asked to the hike, and my feelings had changed proportionately. Where she had been thin, she was now slim and dainty, with hair sort of yellow and curly, and a smile that gave me something a little more than adolescent ideas. She was easily the most popular girl in the school, and with the personality she combined with her new found beauty, she could have had any boy there for her abject and faithful slave, yet suddenly, a month or so after school started, Sheila began to take a special interest in Joe.

Most city suburbs are like separate small towns in many ways, and the high school formal was a matter of first rate importance to everyone. Through the year I had been hoping to be the one who would take Sheila, and in spite of Joe, I wasn't going to lose out for lack of trying. Three weeks before the important fourteenth of

February, I walked up and asked her. She was talking to Joe at the time, but I couldn't wait any longer for a chance to get her alone. A little breathlessly, I waited for her answer.

"Why, I'd love to," she said, smiling at me, "but I expect I'll be going with Joe. Have you got the tickets yet, Joe?"

I don't think I have ever hated anyone else as, at that moment, I hated my cousin Joe. While I'd been making a fool of myself, asking Sheila to go with me to the dance, he'd been standing there, handsome and solid and superior, and smiling to himself because he knew I didn't have a chance. That's how he seemed to me until I looked again, but Joe wasn't smiling, at me nor at anyone. Joe was looking uneasy, and worried and a little embarrassed. His eyes slid away from Sheila's inquiring ones and travelled down the length of the school hall to the sign at the farther end, the sign that announced that five dollars would purchase two of the precious tickets to the seniors' formal ball.

"I . . . I won't be able to go, Sheila," Joe said. "I'm sorry but I . . . excuse me," he stammered, and fairly ran down the steps and out the school door.

Sheila stood there with a surprised look on her face until the door swung shut behind him, and then she recovered herself, and said that if I still wanted to take her, she would be very pleased to go. I didn't see anything of Joe until the night of the formal ball.

What usually happens is that practically all of the senior class pitches in to make their particular ball better than any that have gone before it, and that's how it was that year. Our class was the first to introduce the idea of a Paris cafe at the edge of the dance floor, with special waiters serving innocently soft drinks in tall, wickered looking glasses. I didn't know who hired the waiters, but it was a surprise to me to discover, perhaps half way through the dance, that Joe was one of them.

Joe wasn't looking at me when I saw him first, for I was dancing with another girl, and he had all his attention concentrated upon Sheila in the arms of Jack Boley. She didn't see him, though, and from the way he kept opposite them, with one of those columns of decorative crepe paper between them, I could tell he hoped she wouldn't.

Perhaps he did think it possible that he could serve there all evening without Sheila finding him out. Looking at Joe, I missed a step or two, and the girl with me laughed and made some joke about two left feet, and I dragged my eyes away, and went on dancing, but all the rest of the evening I kept seeing in my mind Joe's round, boyishly tragic face staring hungrily across the dance floor from the flimsy shelter of a crepe paper prop.

The Easter holidays came along soon after that and the final term followed, without a glimpse of Cousin Joe. He wasn't at the graduation exercises, either, and it wasn't until fall that I saw him again, this time in the rotunda of the Arts building the first day of freshman registration. He was standing off in one corner, with a little frown on his face, gazing out of the window at the wide lawns with people trespassing across them, and at the trees with their ageing leaves of yellow and red and brown. He looked lonely despite the crowd of eager youngsters milling about. He looked up with a preoccupied air when I spoke to him, and rather casually agreed to a cup of coffee at the Tuck Shop.

"Do you know," he asked, as we followed the crowded path that angled between the beds of frozen flowers, "that it costs between six and seven hundred dollars for just one year at the University?"

"So what?" I countered. "Your family isn't exactly on relief, you know. Nobody gets anything for nothing these days," I reminded him.

"Oh, I guess I've got around twenty thousand, counting the insurance policies," he said, "but six or seven hundred seems a lot of money, for just one year. I think it's too much," he said.

Sitting there at the table with him, I couldn't help feeling that here was a pattern repeating itself, but I still didn't have the sense to grasp its real meaning. We sat there looking out of the window.

"I won't be going to university," Joe said.

"Sheila Granger is starting House Ec. this year," I told him, and then felt like a fool for having mentioned it.

"I know," Joe said unhappily.

I started to say something, and then my voice trailed off as I realized he wasn't listening.

"You know," Joe said, looking around the busy room, "There'd be a fortune in this place if it were run properly."

When I left him, he was staring out of the window at the steady procession of laughing freshmen in their baby bonnets of green and gold.

Perhaps there is a little more connection between that picture of Joe and the fifth and final one, for that same autumn he began to be an integral part of university student life. Within a week of the time we had had coffee together, an old house across the street from the Tuck Shop began to disappear before the blows of a wrecking crew, and long before Christmas a new building rose to take its place, a two-storey stucco and brick building, with wide, ornamental glass doors and a neon sign that said, simply, "Joe's." It looked very sleek and modern in contrast to the grimy dinginess of the Tuck, and attracted students in crowds, right from the first. So extensive and varied were the services offered, that "Get it at Joe's" became the student slogan overnight. Over this new bonanza, Joe presided with watchful eye, eager to add still other services if they should appear likely to show a profit. I knew he was fairly minting money. of course, but I had no real interest in Joe's until Sheila Granger went to work there.

When Sheila's father was transferred out of town by the Jasper Lumber Company for which he worked, financing the completion of her course became more difficult. About the same time, Joe found it to his advantage to use pretty and popular students as part-time helpers in his expanding business. Sheila began to work there at the beginning of our final year. Gradually, she and Joe seemed to rediscover the interest in each other they had shown in high school, and by Christmas time the rumor was around that they would be married as soon as Sheila graduated. Naturally, I quit drinking coffee, and I'm sure it was after Easter when I happened to drop in there again. Joe was nowhere to be seen, but Sheila was serving coffee and wisecracks to a semi-circle of admiring students. I wedged myself upon the only vacant stool.

Sheila, more blonde than ever in her bright blue smock, came over to take my order. "Why, hello!" she said. "You are a stranger!"



"I've been studying pretty hard," I told her.

Her smile was sympathetic. "So have I," she said. "As a matter of fact, I have an essay due tomorrow morning, and I haven't completed it yet. I'm finished here at nine, but it takes quite a while to get home, so I guess I'll be working late tonight."

"Perhaps you'd let me drive you home," I suggested, but I was surprised when she agreed.

"I've been hearing things about you," I told her, when we were in the car and turning north toward the bridge.

"Maybe I was crazy enough to believe them for a little while," she admitted. "I don't any more." For a moment she seem-

and furnish these days," he declared, as though continuing a conversation we'd started before. "You'd never believe how much things like that cost."

"Well, you don't need to worry," I told him. "With all the money you're making out of this place, you could build a dozen houses."

"Business is good," Joe admitted, "but there are a lot of things needed around here yet. I was thinking that maybe a bowling alley . . ."

Well, I listened to his plans for bigger business until my coffee was done, and then I left him still adding up figures, and went back to my studying. The last few weeks before the final examinations fairly melted away, but somehow Sheila and I managed to sandwich in a couple of dates between sessions with our books. She gave up her job at Joe's the month before the tests, and besides our dates, we found a few occasions when we could study together with advantage. In the little time of really personal contact we found a growing number of interests in common. By the time Joe was starting another season of still bigger business, Sheila and I had set our wedding day for the tenth of October—last Friday.

We didn't intend to have a big wedding, particularly as Sheila's parents were moving again, but when my mother heard that we planned a quiet vestry ceremony, she wouldn't tolerate it.

"I have just one child," she told Sheila, "and just one chance to get my finger in wedding arrangements. This is going to be something very special."

Jack Boley was my best man, and Sheila had two attendants, and there were flower girls and ushers and all sorts of people with mysterious titles and duties, and special music, and then, when the wedding was over, a reception so large that Mother had to hire the Masonic Temple to have it in. Then, right at the end of it all, I saw Joe Margrave.

Before the laughing, confettied dash to our car, we had stopped to say goodbye to our families, and to thank Mother for the whole wonderful day. Mother looked pleased.

"It did go off beautifully, didn't it?" she beamed, "but I'm sure I wouldn't have

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## Song of the Virgin

Water: clean, soft, warm, bright.  
Flowing, rippling o'er my hungry limbs;  
passion-filled, vital you. To lie  
within your arms. To feel your rhythm on  
my skin. To float, suspended; part of you.  
Water: let me lie with you this night.

Water: warm, soft, clean, bright.  
I feel your breath upon my breast. Warm.  
Your lips caress my startled skin. Soft.  
My heart is full of you. My soul is clean.  
No sight, no thought, no breath. The light  
is bright.  
Water: love and wrap me; hold me tight.

Water: clean, soft, warm, bright.

*Violet Ulasovetz.*

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ed to be searching for the right word. "Look," she said. "You know Joe as well as I do. Let's not talk about it."

I got a little more of the story from Joe himself the next time I happened to drop into his place. It was fairly early in the morning, and Joe was sampling a little of his own coffee, and looking worried, when I went in.

"Houses are expensive things to build

known what to do if it hadn't been for Joe."

"Joe?"

"He was simply wonderful! Why, he supplied everything, even the flowers and the confetti—and so reasonably! Joe was wonderful," Mother said, kissing us both goodbye.

The ushers had thrown open the doors of the hall, and it seemed all the guests had rushed to form an aisle down which we had to walk. Confetti was already in the air, and Sheila clung to my arm. As we passed through the doorway, I chanced to turn my head, and found myself looking straight at Cousin Joe.

Joe stood motionless just outside the door, still handsome and aristocratic in his perfectly tailored clothes, his face expressionless save for the exactly proper smile sculptured there. Only his eyes were alive,

big and brown and blazing with hunger, and desperation, and a loneliness so sharp and so bitter that I couldn't help seeing the truth that had eluded me so long. He wasn't looking at me, and although his eyes were fixed on Sheila, I don't think he was seeing her either, not as a person. She was somehow the symbol of so many other things—the mince pie, the fun of the hike, the fresh wonder of a first formal dance, a university education, and a host of other things that the stars, or life, or his own character had placed forever just beyond his reach. We stood for a second more in the doorway, and then Sheila and I walked down the steps through the laughter, and the confetti, and the good wishes of our friends—and at last we drove away. Saturday was the first day of our honeymoon, and the official opening of Joe's new bowling alley.

# ☪ A DAY IN OUR LIVES » »

By PRICE GIBB

A SKIT FOR RADIO depicting a scene in the lives of a student veteran and his wife.

BILL DAVIS ..... the student veteran  
JOAN DAVIS ..... his wife  
ANNOUNCER

## A DAY IN OUR LIVES

ANNOUNCER:

At five-thirty this afternoon, Bill, home from University, came whistling up the front steps. He rang the door-bell but no one answered so he let himself into his small apartment with his key. He supposed his wife, Joan, had gone to the

corner store to pick up a few groceries. He settled himself down with the evening paper and a cigarette. Now, two hours later, half a dozen cigarette butts are in the ash tray and Bill is no longer settled. Joan is still away from home and he's worried.

BRIDGE MUSIC:

NOTE TO OPERATOR: USE FILTER  
MICROPHONE TO GIVE THE EFFECT  
OF THINKING:

BILL:

Where in the devil's that woman? Holy  
smokes, she should have been home two  
hours ago. Wonder if she's been hurt. Aw,  
that's ridiculous because they'd have let me  
know by now. But she never goes off  
without telling me. When she does get  
home she'll get a blast.

(IMPATIENTLY) Where did I leave my  
Shakespeare text? I'd better read  
"*Twelfth Night*" at least, before I have  
to go back to "Lab" tonight.

NOTE TO OPERATOR: SWITCH TO OR-  
DINARY MICROPHONE.

BILL (READING ALOUD):

"I prithee, gentle friend,  
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion  
sway  
In this uncivil and unjust extent  
Against thy peace." . . .

(STARTS THINKING AGAIN)

NOTE TO OPERATOR: SWITCH QUICK-  
LY TO FILTER MICROPHONE.

BILL:

Maybe I am being too hard on Joan.  
After all, she does put up with a lot, living  
on ninety dollars a month and she never  
complains about me studying every night.  
I should be a lot more considerate than  
I am.

SOUND EFFECTS: THE DOOR BELL  
RINGS THREE TIMES: FOOTSTEPS  
TO DOOR—DOOR OPENS.

BILL:

Hello dear . . . ahh, you look so cute.  
How about a kiss? Been someplace?

JOAN:

Of course, to Marj's birthday dinner.

BILL:

(Mildly) You could have told a fellow.

JOAN:

Why Bill Davis, I told you two weeks  
ago that I was going to this party. Don't  
you remember, I told you the night you  
were trying to write your essay. and you  
got so mad at me?

BILL:

Yah, yah, that's right. Want me to  
hang up your coat?

JOAN:

Thank you. Anything special happen at  
University today?

BILL:

Oh no. How about something to eat,  
honey?

JOAN:

Didn't you get anything to eat? Oh, you  
poor kid, you must be starved. (AS JOAN  
WALKS AWAY FROM MICROPHONE  
SHE SAYS) I'll whip up something right  
away. Come on into the kitchen and talk  
to me.

SOUND EFFECTS: STEPS.

BILL (ORDINARY SPEAKING DIS-  
TANCE FROM MICROPHONE):

Did anything exciting happen at the  
party?

JOAN (AS SHE TURNS ON THE TAP  
TO WASH LETTUCE):

Oh, just like any other party. Bill, will  
you get that can of tomatoes out of the  
cupboard, please? (SOUND OF CUP-  
BOARD DOOR.) Do you remember Elsie  
Snow? I went to Victoria High with her.

BILL:

Yah. Here.

JOAN:

How would you like to open it?

BILL:

O.K.

JOAN:

Well, Elsie certainly thinks she's some-  
body now. She bragged all during the  
dinner about what a wonderful job her  
husband has. He's working for an in-  
surance company.

BILL:

I can't find the can-opener.

JOAN:

Here it is.

BILL:

Thank you. What were you saying  
about Elsie's husband?

JOAN:

She says that after he got out of the  
Army he intended to go to University but  
he was offered this job and he's glad he  
took it because he's making so much  
money. But I told her we may be poor  
for a while but to wait until you got your  
law degree and we'd be the ones who were  
making the money.

BILL:  
Oh, you shouldn't have said that. I'll have to article—Ouch! Ohhhh!

JOAN (ANXIOUSLY):  
Owwwww, did you cut yourself on the can? Oh, darling!

BILL:  
No, it's just a scratch. ?

JOAN:  
Let me put some iodine on it.

BILL (SHARPLY): Never mind the cut. Let's hurry with supper, I'm starved.

JOAN:  
It'll be ready as soon as I set the table (SOUND EFFECTS OF SETTING TABLE). Oh hon, will you get the milk? (JOAN HUMS AS SHE WORKS.) Oh, dear, I forgot to get some bread today. But we have some ritz biscuits. You won't mind eating them just this once will you?

BILL:  
At this point, I don't care what I eat, just so I eat.

JOAN:  
Everything's ready. Sit down..

BILL:  
Aren't you going to eat with me?

JOAN:  
Maybe I could have a glass of milk just to keep you company, but really, I ate too much at Marj's.

SOUND EFFECT OF CHAIRS AS JOAN AND BILL SIT UP TO THE TABLE.

JOAN:  
Honestly darling, I wish you could have seen the food we had. There was fried chicken and it was tender and brown and juicy. I've never tasted anything to compare with it. She really served too much though; why do you know I had a whole drumstick and a breast besides. Bill, you're not eating your sardines.

BILL:  
They don't taste very good.

JOAN:  
They're perfectly all right. I just opened them at noon. Go ahead and eat them, they're good for you. Do you know what we had with the chicken?

BILL:  
What?

JOAN:  
Tiny corn fritters, and mounds of creamy whipped up mashed potatoes and green peas in butter. Then, if you please, green salad and fresh asparagus. What's the matter, Bill, don't you like your tomatoes, either?

BILL:  
I guess I'm not as hungry as I thought I was.

JOAN:  
Now, honey, you've got to eat something and tomatoes are nourishing. You can understand why I ate so much at Marj's. Everything was so appetizing I forgot all about calories. She really is a marvellous cook. She loves dreaming up new and attractive dishes. Bill, you've got to eat your lettuce.

BILL:  
Maybe I could if it had some salad dressing on it.

JOAN:  
There's nothing better for you than plain lettuce without dressing. But the best part of the whole meal was the strawberry shortcake. And Marj. gave everyone of us great big pieces. The biscuit dough was wonderful. I don't know how she does it. (SOUND OF CHAIR SCRAPING—FOOTSTEPS.) Bill, you're not leaving already!

BILL:  
I'm almost late for my "Lab" now..

JOAN:  
I know, but you can't go off without finishing your meal. Besides I was going going to give you one of those doughnuts we had left over from day before yesterday.

DOOR SLAMS.

JOAN:  
That's how much a man appreciates all his wife does for him.

THE END.





# The Applicant

By James S. Woods

MY secretary ushered a visitor through the office door. He was a tall dark man of thirty-five or forty years. A long, dark grey topcoat swung loosely from thin, bony shoulders and underneath I could see a neat, dark, pin-stripe suit across the vest of which hung a fine, gold watch-chain. His gait was nervous, as though he walked on sharp stones, but none the less he covered the long space from door to desk in express time.

Ed Reid, my office mate, looked up as the man approached and turned back to his desk when he saw the visitor was mine. The man arrived before me, his hand outstretched offering a card. I took it and read, "Jan Mosctynciewicz."

"Sit down, Mr.—ah—er . . ."

"Moss-tin-key-wits," he enunciated, supplying the pronunciation I had been seeking. Seated across the desk, I had the opportunity to study his face. Thin lips were crinkled in a quiet, confident smile. Two bright, black eyes, framed in large, dark-rimmed spectacles, looked eagerly out on the world. His features were fine, and in them I could detect just a hint of intellectual arrogance. His hair, jet black and plastered into a smooth, glassy finish, receded slightly above the temples. The over-all impression was one of pride and determination. His hands, resting lightly on the desk, were long and thin with a well-groomed and sensitive look about them.

"Mr. Lynton," he began, "I thought you might have a position open in Canadian Chemicals for a chemist. Here are my references and credentials." He took a long, manilla envelope from his breast pocket and pushed it across the desk.

I took it up and extracted the contents, thinking all the while how impeccable was his English pronunciation. His name and the very exactness of his speech were the only things that marked him of foreign origin.

If I was intrigued with the man, his credentials certainly deepened my interest. There, in my hands, were records from

some of the world's greatest universities: Prague, Berlin, and Bologna; there were recommendations from some of the world's greatest scientists: Dr. Isaac Gelberg of the pre-war I. G. Farben works in Berlin, Dr. Knute Ludsen of the Stockholm Chemical Corporation, and a score of memoranda from equally famous chemists. All gave evidence of my visitor possessing a superior knowledge of chemistry indeed.

Nor was this all! There was a discharge record from the R.A.F. showing a D.S.O. and a D.F.C. and bar. Attached to this discharge document was a report from the U.S. Office of Strategic Service describing Squadron Leader Mosctynciewicz's bravery and daring on a dangerous sortie into Nazi-occupied Norway when on loan to that office.

I looked at him with new respect and asked, "You're Polish?"

"Yes," he replied, "I was born in Warsaw. It is on the discharge papers there. I was working with Dr. Ludsen in Stockholm when, could I say, 'the inspiration for my city's concerto?'—happened." His voice sank and he sat there silently for a moment. "I am not in practice with the test tubes," he continued, "but, my knowledge, it is still there." He tapped his head.

"Of course," I replied. "I can't give you an immediate answer until I take the matter up with my chief. I feel certain, however, that he will find a place for you with us. If you could call tomorrow morning, I'll see that you get right in to see him. I know we can use a man with your knowledge and ability." I indicated his credentials. "May I keep these until tomorrow? Come at nine."

"Certainly," he replied. "I am grateful for your courtesy, Mr. Lynton. I will call tomorrow." He rose and shook hands with me. In a moment his long, nervous strides had carried him out of the office.

As the door closed behind him, Ed Reid looked up from his desk across the room.

"What did that guy say his name was?"

"Moss-tin-key-wits."

"Christ! Another bloody Bohunk!"

# OUR NEXT ISSUE . . .

THE next issue of STET, which will appear shortly before the Ides of March, will contain many features which we hope will appeal to our readers. Of course we have plenty of room for more short stories, articles, short plays and poems, and take this opportunity to remind contributors that our deadline is January 31st. However, we will let you into the secret of what we are sure of right now.

The leading article will be written by R. L. Gordon, 1948 Rhodes Scholar, and will, according to the author himself, contain "a play by play, blow by blow description of Gordon's arrival in Oxford . . . his reactions toward it and its toward him." It should be worth reading. Then, Gordon Wyatt will describe in pictures the work of the extension branch of the University Art Department, showing the importance of art and painting in Alberta. Still another article will introduce recent Alberta novelists, with pictures and reviews. Illustrations for the magazine will be the work of the University Photography Club and the cartoons of a former regular contributor to *The Maple Leaf* and London, England, Sun-

day papers. A poetry section will contain the very best poems available. Of special interest will be the winning essays in the Writing Contest announced on page 32. Three interesting short stories are on our desk at this moment. Altogether, we believe we can promise you a very generous amount of entertainment.

To our friends outside the University the price of a copy of STET will be twenty-five cents. We cannot be sure, however, that we shall be able to reach all newstands this early in our career, and would suggest you make sure of your copies by sending your quarters directly to STET MAGAZINE, University of Alberta, Edmonton. Your copies will be sent out within a day or two after the date of publication. Not until STET becomes a quarterly—next year, we hope—will we be able to accept yearly subscriptions.

Perhaps you would care to write to us your opinion of the present issue, together with any suggestions you may wish to make. Like any editorial staff worth its salt, we are eager to improve our magazine, and would appreciate your help.



Intelligence appears to be the thing that enables a man to get along without an education. Education appears to be the thing that enables a man to get along without the use of his intelligence.

—Albert Edward Wiggam.

For a territory the size of the United States five millions of people would be about right . . . The human population of the entire world should be kept well under a hundred millions . . . If the world were not so full of people, and most of them did not have to work so hard, there would be

more time for them to get out and lie on the grass, and there would be more grass for them to lie on.

—Don Marquis.

If I were founding a university I would found first a smoking room; then when I had a little more money in hand I would found a dormitory; then after that, or more probably with it, a decent reading room and a library. After that, if I still had more money that I couldn't use, I would hire a professor and get some textbooks.

—Stephen Leacock.

# WRITING CONTEST

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## ANNOUNCEMENT

Through the kindness of the Department of Economic Affairs Cultural Activities Branch, STET is able to announce two prizes of \$25.00 each for articles on Alberta to be published in this magazine. *All entries must be in the hands of the judges on or before January 31st, 1949.*

The contest is divided into two sections, with \$25.00 offered the winner in each section.

SECTION 1: "The Economic and Industrial Development and Future of Alberta." Contestants are not expected to cover the entire subject, but may chose one particular part of it, as "What Oil Means to Alberta" or "The Story of Alberta Coal" and so on.

SECTION 2: "Artistic Opportunities in Alberta." Again the writer may choose to write on a particular part of this subject, as "Alberta Music", "Alberta and the Painter", "I Write in Alberta," "Alberta Handicrafts," and so on.

No essay or article should exceed 2,500 words, and should be typed, double spaced, on one side of the paper only.

Do not put your name on your entry, but include with each essay a sealed envelope containing your correct name and address. As entries are received, both essay and envelope will be given a number. The judges will make their choice by number only, and then the envelopes bearing the winning numbers will be opened.

Judges for the contest will be *Professor F. M. Salter* of the Department of English, University of Alberta, *Mr. Richard MacDonald*, Co-ordinator of Cultural Activities for the Provincial Government, and one more judge to be named by them.

Prize-winning essays will appear in the March issue of STET magazine.

Address your entry to: *The Editor, STET Magazine, The Gateway Office, University of Alberta, Edmonton.* Be sure to mark "STET Contest" on the envelope.

Essays accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes will be returned to contestants after the winners are chosen.

This contest is open to all residents of the Province of Alberta.